

The Precipice

The Classic Crime

I wish I could play the violin
I'd play 'til tears rolled down your cheek and chin
And if you sang along
We could write the saddest song
Sometimes I indulge my every whim
And piece-by-piece I build the cell I'm in
But I only stay here long enough
to write the saddest song
I dreamt I stood on a hill that I wished was a mountain
To look back on all my accomplishments
Well they must have been small because I couldn't seem to find
them
so I took a leap off of the precipice
I wish I could play piano well
I'd hit the keys that make your spirit swell
And if you sang along
We could write the saddest song
I dreamt I stood on a hill that I wished was a mountain
To look back on all my accomplishments
Well they must have been small because I couldn't seem to find
them
so I took a leap off of the precipice
Whatever the cost
Whether it works out or not
Whatever the cost
Whether it works out or not
I'll follow you,
I'll follow you,
I'll follow you with my heart
Whatever the cost
Whether it works out or not
Whatever the cost
Whether it works out or not
I'll follow you,
I'll follow you,
I'll follow you with my heart
I dreamt I stood on a hill that I wished was a mountain
To look back on all my accomplishments
Well they must have been small because I couldn't seem to find
them
so I took a leap off of the precipice